

"Talking about birds," said a veteran sea captain to an Astorian reporter yesterday, "when I was a youngster aboard a Boston clipper in the China trade I saw about the biggest and most variegated collection of birds that ever met a sailor's eye, and old shellbacks see some queer things in their cruises."

"We were off the Rio de Plata, that huge river whose mighty waters disembody into the South Atlantic. Not a breath of wind. The intense heat of the sun caused a perceptible, transparent smoke to rise up from the decks, and rendered the tarred shrouds and rigging soft and sticky. The crew walked about in a listless, worn-out manner, the perspiration running in streams from their bronzed faces and the dye spreading itself in blotches over their wet shirts. A heavy southwest swell caused the ship to roll her suppers under and even at times to dip the end of a main yard-arm into the top of a receding billow, breaking its smooth surface into a thousand ripples. What an exertion it was to steady one's self in one of those rolls! What in temperate latitudes is an unconscious motion to the seaman, here was sufficient to send the perspiration out on one like water from a pressed sponge. It was hot; hotter than the devil's riding boots, and the mate phrased it, 'And then it was no hard to be working in the fierce gale of the sun, with no water to quench an intolerable thirst, the daily allowance having been expended long ago. One would imagine that a swim in the clear water would be just the thing to cool one off. But even this means of relief is denied. A great bluish monster sneaks around under the counter whose tender mermaid is like those of the wicket. The tale of any man who should attempt that gigantic man would be sealed. The blue shark shows no quarter. And so we gazed longingly at the cool sea and wished as we gazed how the blue shark king of old times have felt, up to his neck in water and yet unable to shake his thirst. Thus we lay and rolled and rolled, heading in turn to every point of the compass, the flap, flap of the dead sails adding to the dead monotony."

"Eight bells had just struck, and the watches changed, when suddenly away to the southwest, an infinitesimal black speck showed itself on the horizon. Larger and larger it grew. The mate, an ancient mariner, looked at it intently for a few moments, then went below and looked at the barometer. There was no change there. What could a speck of matter? He called the captain and pointed out to him the cause of his anxiety. It had now attained the proportions of a topsail. Its lower edge was lined with a bright silver streak. That streak was found, the water churned into milk. Another look at the glass. Still no change there. The captain's farrowed visage assumed a peculiar, puzzled expression. Surely that was a black cloud showing up, full of wind, and the signal would soon be upon us. But why was the barometer silent? The old man looked up anxiously at the light sails. Blacker and bigger grew the cloud, and longer and whiter grew the silver streak. "Lower away the reef," he was just about to finish the order, the glasses gleamed to his eyes, when "never mind!" he had changed his mind.

"Bang! went the glass, and the old man closed them sharply, and turning around glanced quizzically at the mate, who responded with a look of inquiry. "What do you think?" asked the captain. "Don't know," answered the mate shortly. "Well, they're birds," was the answer.

"Yes, that black cloud was birds. It extended over two points of the compass now, and still increasing. In another second the naked eye could distinguish the individual forms. They were birds indeed. Myriads of them. Every species of sea-bird was represented in that vast army. There was the albatross, sailing majestically along, its huge wings outspread; the red-tailed gull, its long spear-like bill and taper legs; the black diver and its red-throated cousin; the beautiful frigate bird, or booby, as sailors call it. Leucis-like neck and neck, each gentlemanly looking, and nodding and nodding and nodding. Here the stormy petrel uttered its peculiar cry, and there the cape pigeon showed its mottled breast. Besides all these, hundreds of species were seen, the ordinary sailor, and perhaps to the ornithologist."

"In another ten minutes they covered half the sky, a solid black shadow over the reflective deep. And that silver line of foam: what was that? A great army of porpoises. The secret was out. These sea-pigs, in an immense front, miles long, were pursuing the smaller fish upon which they prey. They were driving vast shoals of bonito, flying fish and others before them. These fish, terrified, hopeless, sprang from the water in their agony and were caught. For the birds above swooped upon them, the porpoises below failed to catch. It was a wonderful sight. Hanging beneath the blue vault a huge dark veil of birds. Birds everywhere as far as the eye could reach, north, south, east and west—all birds. The noise of those myriad wings sounded like the noise of a rushing mighty wind. The sea was obscured and thus to add to the solemnity of the scene a dusk settled on the water. Then a deep awe fell upon the little knot of human witnesses of the Divine power. Never before had anyone of those grizzled seamen beheld such a sight. All work was forgotten in the contemplation of that monstrous scene. And still the mighty procession went on; and still the great host of fish hurried on their way pursuing and pursued; and still the vessel rolled heavily. But the flap-flap of the sails was no longer heard. The noise of myriad winds, loud as the hurricane's roar, drowned all else."

"In another minute that line of rolling bodies was within a bicy-

Removal Sale!

Goods Sold Regardless of Cost!

Having leased for a long term of years the corner store of Young's new building on the corner of Third and West Ninth in this city, it becomes necessary for me to move my stock and fixtures from present location, and to avoid as little trouble and waste of time as possible I offer my well selected stock of

Men's and Boy's Clothing, Gent's Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, Trunks, Valises, Umbrellas, Blankets, Quilts, Etc.,

REGARDLESS OF COST, until my removal to the new location, where I shall continue to conduct business as I have for the past three years—buying goods from the manufacturers and selling them under a low expense for CASH and at ONE PRICE to all alike, every day in the year.

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Opposite Rescue Engine House, ASTORIA, OREGON.

And as I Have Succeeded in Building up a Good Business, and am Here to Stay.

I still invite you all to call, or send your children, as it is well known that at my counters,

A CHILD BUYS AS CHEAPLY AS THE MOST EXPERIENCED BUYER.

Settling in this city over six years ago, where I found a very healthy climate and good natural advantages, etc., I concluded three years ago to open business in my line on my own account, with the intention, if possible, to give no one an excuse to take or send money out of Astoria to build up any other city in preference.

As I have succeeded in building up a good business, and am here to stay.

I still invite you all to call, or send your children, as it is well known that at my counters,

A CHILD BUYS AS CHEAPLY AS THE MOST EXPERIENCED BUYER.

A Relic of Engineering of Many Centuries Ago.

How many of the engineering works of the nineteenth century, says a recent writer, will there be in existence in the year 6000? Very few, we fear, and still less those that will continue in the far off age to serve a useful purpose. Yet there is at least one great undertaking conceived and executed by an engineer which during the space of four thousand years has never ceased its office, on which the life of a fertile province absolutely depends to-day. We refer to the Bahr Jousut—the canal of Joseph—built, according to tradition, by the son of Jacob, and which constitutes not the least of the many blessings he conferred on Egypt during the years of his prosperous rule.

This canal took its rise from the Nile at Assut, and ran almost parallel with it for nearly 250 miles, creeping along under the western cliffs of the Nile valley, with many a bend and winding, and at length it gained an eminence, as compared with the river bed, which enabled it to turn westward through a narrow pass and enter a district which was otherwise shut off from the fertilizing floods on which all vegetation in Egypt depends. The northern end stood seven feet above low Nile, while the southern end was at an equal elevation with the river. Through this cut ran a perennial stream, which watered a province named the Fayoum, endowing it with fertility and supporting a large population. In the time of the ancient world a great part of the canal was under water, and then the river's current would rush in a more direct course into the pass, carrying with it the rich silt which takes the place of manure and keeps the soil in a state of constant productivity.

All this, with the exception of the traditions that Joseph built it, can be verified to-day, and it is not mere supposition that the canal was there. It was a fact, and it was a fact that the design has always been limited to an irrigation scheme, larger, no doubt, than that now in operation, as shown by the traces of abandoned canals and by the slow aggregation of broken water which had accumulated in the Birket of Querun, but still essentially the same in character. Many accounts have been written by Greek and Roman historians, such as Herodotus, Strabo, Mutianus, and Pliny, and reported in monkish legends or portrayed in the maps of the middle ages, which agreed with the folk lore of the district.

These tales explained that the canal dug by the ancient Israelite served to carry the surplus waters of the Nile into an extensive lake lying south of the Fayoum, and so large that it not only modified the climate, tempering the arid winds of the desert and converting them into the balmy air which nourished the vines and the olives into a fullness and fragrance unknown in any part of the country, but also added to the food supply of land and much immense quantities of fish that the royal prerogative of the right of piscary at the great weir was valued at \$250,000 annually. This lake was said to be 450 miles round, and to be navigated by a fleet of vessels, and the whole circumference was the scene of great national industry and prosperity.

OUR LITTLE GRIEFS.

Though light as Air We Make Them Into Mountains.

The train stopped suddenly between two stations. Several of the passengers rushed out of the car excitedly, and came back with the tidings that there was an obstruction on the track which would cause the delay of an hour.

The countenances of most of the passengers instantly fell into depths of gloom and despair. "This is simply intolerable!" muttered one middle-aged man to his companion. "I shall not reach the city before the market closes. It will cost me \$2,000 or \$3,000."

A physician dropped his newspaper and paced impatiently up and down the car. "An hour late with all my patients!" he exclaimed.

"Are any of them in immediate danger?" asked a bystander. "No, but an hour late. It is unbearable."

A young girl looked at her companions with the tears in her eyes. "I am going into town for the trimming for my dress. Now it will not be done in time. I shall have to wear my old bonnet to the party."

A short, pompous old man talked loudly and incessantly, scolding conductors and brakemen as if they were personally responsible for the delay. "I am to lecture this afternoon before the 'Lycæum,' he explained in hot indignation. "The audience will have to wait twenty minutes."

A young man sat unmoving, his head bent upon his breast, his face set and hard. "My little boy is dying," he said to some one who questioned him. "I was telegraphed for. I shall not see him alive."

But while, with most of the passengers, there was a secret conviction that the wheels of the universe had stopped because they were delayed in their pursuits of work, one woman sat quiet and tranquil.

She was near the end of a long life of pain and hardship and wide experience. She had come, too, near enough to the God who rules over all lives to understand how every event and accident, great or little, has its place and purpose in the eternal order, as have moths flitting in the sunshine. She was close enough to the gate of the future life to see how little in its infinite height and meaning was the old ball dress, or the fall of stocks, or even the loss of an hour with the dying child.

"One of the most singular studies in life," says Bouchet, "is to note how different men, each with his own scales, weigh the same objects and attach to them different values."

The last bit of finery which brought tears to the eyes of the school-girl was lighter than a feather in the eyes of the stock-broker; and his loss of thousands was contemptible to the nun whose child was going from him into the grave without a word; and doubtless his pain seemed momentary and trivial in the vision of angels, to whom a thousand years are as a day and death but a momentary change of life.

How, then, are we to find the true weight and value of things in the world?

In the United States Mint, when they built a machine for weighing coin with absolute accuracy, they sank a deep shaft into the earth and through upper formations, which are shaken by passing trains, and rested the foundation upon the immovable granite bench.

The man who digs in this way to find a foundation for his life, through the flowers and surface growths which shake with every storm to the everlasting rock below, only can weigh the events and belongings of the world at their real value.—*Youth's Companion.*

HOW TO STRENGTHEN THE MEMORY OF BOYS.

A teacher in a Sunday school announced that he'd present.

A silver clasped, morocco bound, illuminated Testament.

To every boy who on the coming Sunday could repeat

From memory a chapter from the Scripture all complete.

When Sunday came he found that only one had gained the prize.

And so he set to work some other method to devise.

Instead of Testaments he offered each a ball and bat.

Ever Sunday each one which memorized his chapter pat.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY—a positive cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria and Canker Mouth. At J. C. Dement's

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Royal Baking Powder Commended as Purest, Strongest and Wholesomest.

We have made a careful analysis of the Royal, Giant, Golden Gate, Dr. Price's and Pioneer Baking Powders, purchased by us in the open market. One ounce of each powder yields in cubic inches of available gas at 100° F. as follows:

NAME.	Cubic inches leaving gas.
ROYAL	191
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Golden Gate	123
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We, the members of the Board of Health of the City and County of San Francisco, cordially approve and recommend the Royal Baking Powder. It is absolutely pure and healthful, composed of the best ingredients, of the highest strength and character.

In our judgment it is impossible to make a purer or stronger Baking Powder than the Royal.

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Aug. 5, 1889. Members San Francisco Board of Health.

No Outward Symptom.

"Miss Pethebridge," said the embarrassed young man at the other end of the sofa, after a dreary pause in the conversation, "are you acquainted with my cousin, the Courtwright girls?"

"Courtwright? Courtwright?" replied the young woman dreamily. "Are you related to anybody of that name, Mr. Pethebridge? I never should have suspected it."

For a long time the stealings by the operatives in the diamond mines of South America, were, it is estimated, one-half of the production.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is carefully prepared from Sarsaparilla, Dandelion, Mandrake, Doel, Pipsissewa, Juniper Berries, and other well-known and valuable vegetable remedies, by a peculiar combination, proportion, and process, giving to Hood's Sarsaparilla curative power not possessed by other medicines. It effects remarkable cures where others fail.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best blood purifier. It cures Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Boils, Pimples, all Humors, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Indigestion, General Debility, Catarrhs, Rheumatism, Kidney and Liver complaints; overcomes that Tired Feeling, creates an appetite, builds up the system.

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Has met unparalleled success at home, such is its popularity in Lowell, Mass., where it is made, that Lowell druggists sell more of Hood's Sarsaparilla than all other sarsaparillas or blood purifiers. The same success is extending all over the country.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is peculiar in its strength and economy. It is the only preparation of which can truly be said "you do not owe the dollar." A bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla taken according to directions, will last a month.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is peculiar in the confidence it gains among all classes of people. Where it is once used it becomes a favorite family remedy. Do not be induced to buy other preparations. Be sure to get the Peculiar Medicine.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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Headquarters Department of the Columbia, Office of Chief Quartermaster, Vancouver Barracks, Wash., March 21, 1890. Sealed proposals in triplicate will be received at this office or at the offices of the quartermasters at the following named posts until 1 o'clock A. M., 12th day of April, 1890, and then opened, for furnishing Fuel, Forage and Bedding, at the several military stations in the Department of the Columbia during fiscal year commencing July 1st, 1890, viz: Boise Barracks and Fort Sherman, Idaho, Portland and Fort Kiamath, Oregon, and Fort Conby, Spokane, Washington, and Walla Walla and Vancouver Depot, Wash. Preference given to articles of domestic production and manufacture, conditions of quality and price (including the cost of articles of foreign production the duty thereon, being required by the U. S. reserves the right to reject any or all proposals. All information will be furnished on application here, or at offices of the respective quartermasters. The U. S. reserves the right to reject the whole or any part of any bid received, and bids will be considered for a smaller amount than the whole. Envelopes containing proposals should be marked "Proposals for Transportation on Route No. 1, 2 and 3, during fiscal year commencing July 1st, 1890," and addressed to the undersigned here, J. G. C. LEE, Major and Chief Quartermaster.

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Special attention given to supplying ships.

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THE U. S. ENGINEERS' STRAITS.

"George H. Mendell," towing rock for the jetty, will run the following course when needed, viz: From Trullinger's mill to bank buoy No. 5, thence to buoy No. 7, thence to wharf at Fort Stevens.

U. S.